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THE SPHERE, JUNE 15, 1946
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "THE GRAPHIC"
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The SPHERE

VICTORY NUMBER

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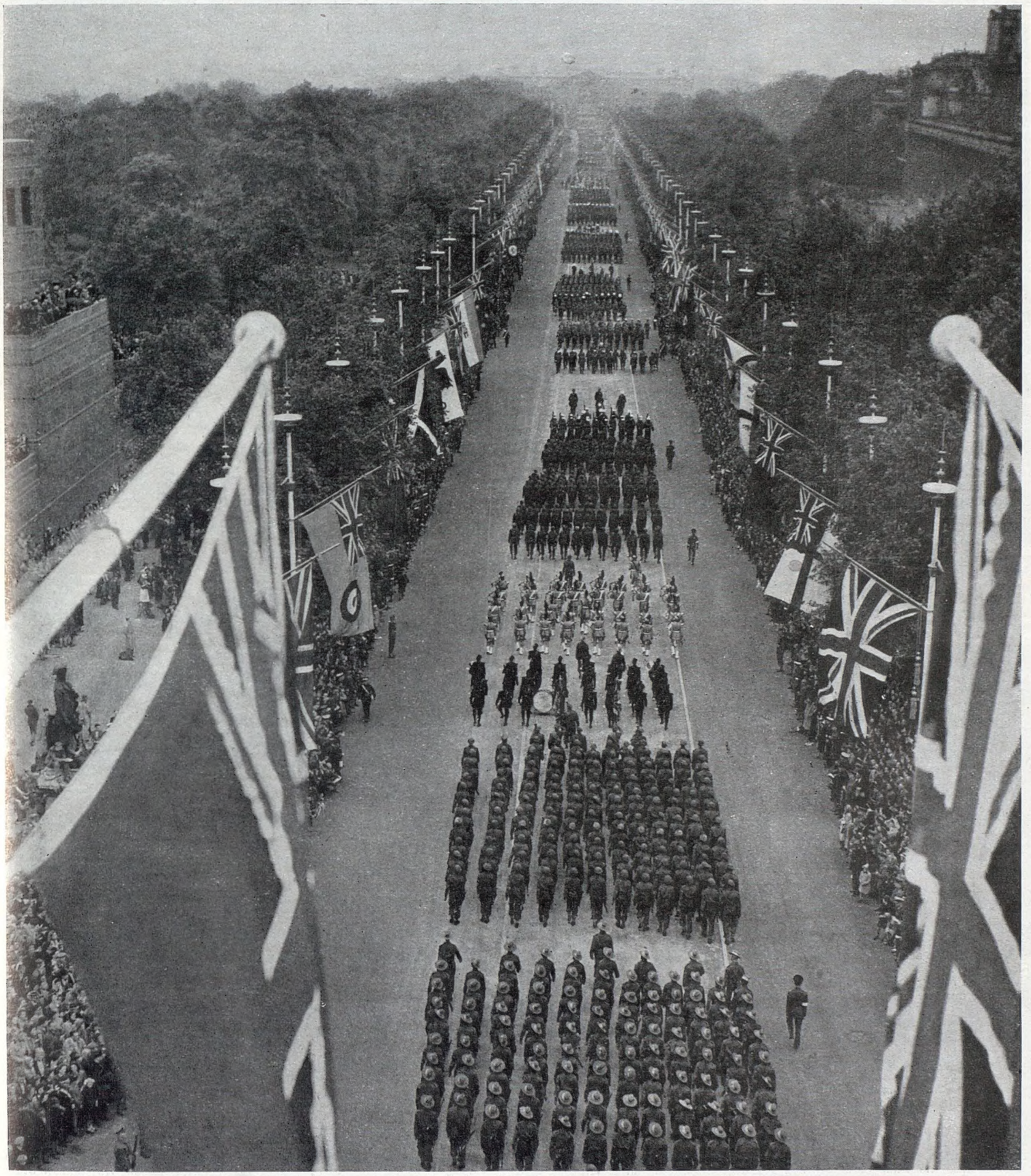
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



LONDON, JUNE 8, 1946—THE MARCHING COLUMN PASSING DOWN THE MALL IN LAST SATURDAY'S GREAT VICTORY PARADE: The Dominion and Colonial troops are cheered by the vast crowds when nearing the saluting-base, half-way up on the left along the beflagged Mall

On June 8 the people of Britain paid their tribute to Victory, and in London, despite the rain, they celebrated with bonfires, fireworks and music after witnessing, in the morning, the great Victory Parade as it made its way through the heart of the capital. As ever, the focal point of the celebrations was in the Mall, and it was from a saluting-base half-way up the beflagged thoroughfare that the King took the salute as first the mechanised column and then the marching column passed by him in review, the men of twenty-one Allied countries contributing to the most brilliant military pageant of modern times. From Thursday night onwards the people began to gather in the Mall, and by dawn on Saturday the area between Trafalgar Square and the Admiralty Arch was packed by an expectant multitude, while others gathered along the route from Marble Arch, along Oxford Street, Charing Cross Road and the Thames Embankment. In this special Victory Number of *The Sphere* a complete photographic record of the Parade is given and also of the Water Pageant and river display by night

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Victory Number.—No doubt it is impossible to make people happy (or even virtuous) by Act of Parliament or Official Proclamation. Economics, the weather, a good digestion, an easy conscience, all these are factors which make men cheerful and inclined to revel. Nevertheless (as Mr. Churchill, and others, have said) it is a poor heart which never rejoices, and in the midst of our post-war austerity and a damnable beginning to "summer" we have much to be thankful for, and many millions to whom we owe profound gratitude. That thankfulness and that gratitude the nation surely showed in London on June 8, and those tributes should reawaken in our nation, somewhat downcast and disillusioned by continued deferment of "better times," a sense of the greatness of our race. There is no doubt whatever about our greatness. The British Commonwealth, as a moral force, as an instrument of peace, as an example of true democracy, never stood higher than to-day when the wings of our imperial pomp and power appear to be (to casual observers) in process of gradual clipping to-day when (to petulant patriots) it seems that any *gamin* in Europe, Asia or America can tweak and twist the British lion's tail. And what proofs of this assertion are to hand? You will find them here in England by comparing our behaviour under severe restrictions and continued austerity with conditions in any other country more fortunately placed. You will find them in the voice of Britain at the council table of Peace and Re-settlement. The British character is calmer, stronger, better disciplined, more patient in adversity than any other you can name. British political culture is a generation in advance of most, and a century in advance of some, of the United Nations. If an official proclamation cannot make us happy, it can, and should try to, revive our pride in our own national greatness.

A Family Party.—This Victory Procession or Day of Thanksgiving was a family party, or largely so. Those nearest and dearest to us composed it. To many of us still, the rumble of tanks and the roar of bombers and fighters are distasteful sounds, recalling too poignantly those frightful years of war which we wish to forget, those years of noise and terror and anxiety which already begin mercifully to fade as a nightmare fades in the saner light of dawn. But the memory of what we owed to the men who drove and fought those tanks and planes does not and will not fade. And as a nation we are "rather good" at family parties. I well remember the Victory Procession after the war of 1914-18, and the solitary and splendid figure of Foch—an island in the long, long chain. It was *impressive* of the implications of the immediate past. It proved to be no pointer to the implications of the future. There was no Eisenhower and no Stalin in the procession on the 8th, no Zhukov to represent the might of the Red Armies. But there is much to be said for a family party. It is good to have firm friends. But most people who have known trouble in their lives have come to recognise the value of family life, and to lean, when lean they could, on the support of family before that of friends. For friendship is conditioned by circumstances, contiguity and temporary considerations. But family affection goes deeper, lasts longer, is more abiding and dependable.

Other Family Parties.—I recall other "family parties" which we "threw" very successfully. The Diamond Jubilee Party. It was a fine preface and preparation for the Great Wars. It made some of the cement for that enduring defence wall which saved Civilisation twice from enslavement. It was a flesh-and-blood affirmation of the Statute of Westminster. And there was King Edward VII's postponed Coronation, another family party which had great historical consequences which no man would more generously acknowledge than Marshal Smuts. In the course of those Coronation celebrations, King Edward rendered one of his most signal services to Empire in the cause of reconciliation when he received the Boer leaders and regained for England a friendship which has been of untold value in the dark decades which followed. King George V was a man who greatly preferred "family parties." He and his sons have known the Empire and loved it intimately; as did or could none of their predecessors. We may be sure that the share of our Royal Family in the family party of 1946 will have results as important in confirming Empire solidarity. It is of supreme importance. For is there any other example, any other influence, comparable with that which the British Commonwealth can show and shed on the problems of peace and resettlement?

THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: An animated scene in the school yard when parents and sisters, uncles and aunts, turned up in force and the celebrations were almost on the pre-war scale. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were present, and there was a procession of boats with the crews in traditional attire. The rain marred the cricket matches, however, and also the firework display arranged for the evening. In the background can be seen some of the bomb damage to the famous Upper School

THE CALLING OF ABSENCE: The quadrangle at Eton during the roll-call in the course of the Fourth of June celebrations. Quite apart from the weather, clothing and food rationing also tended to detract from the occasion, but it was as near as possible a celebration in the old, traditional manner

The Empire and the Individual.—The planes have roared overhead, the tanks have rumbled past, the detachments on foot slogged by and the crowds cheered them in the English way, sometimes loudly, sometimes self-consciously. This leader and that received his special cheer. Churchill was sure of *his*. The fire-fighter, the housewife, the Home Guard, the observer, each received his mead. The humours of the march tickled our native sense of fun and there were no ugly incidents, no indiscipline; and a vast deal of patience and good humour and kindliness; and when "the Captains and the Kings depart," a vast deal of ugly litter remained to be picked up from the streets. For we are an untidy, thoughtless race. But a *great* race. By God, we are the greatest nation on earth; and despite its weather, its scars, its administrative creakings (of which inevitably there are not a few), this is God's own country still. And if this Victory Procession (too hastily planned, prefaced with too little forethought) serves to unite us in that knowledge and to confirm that sure faith, it will have served its turn. Every Briton should have awakened on June 9 proud of himself, proud of his country, proud of the Commonwealth to which he belongs, pledged afresh to serve it, confident again to rely on its strength. Still (as of old in the days of the "Junkers") let our prayer be:

"God grant our greatness shall not fade
Through craven fears of being great."

It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and a mean and sickly soul that dare not feel confidence in its own strength and virtues, such as they are.

Better Days?—An occasional hint of "better days" in our time comes along. One reads of foreign countries abolishing visas, of regular services to and from certain foreign capitals open to tourists. Most comforting of all to the harassed housewife, as well as to the hospital matron, the possibility of securing a permit to import a foreign domestic servant. In those phoney years between, hundreds of housewives found their most urgent problems solved by the employment of Austrian, Swiss and Scandinavian girls. There were mutual benefits exchanged. The employer gained a treasure, not yet too proud and foolish to turn up her nose at work, and that household work, not yet rendered so frivolous and futile as to regard herself as degraded by domestic service and isolated if living outside the half-mile radius of a cinema. The foreign treasure gained experience of a useful language and of a new world, and received a great deal of friendly companionship from the family she served so faithfully. These foreign girls set an example to English girls (at their nadir of silliness) which deserved the close attention it did not get. Many an Englishwoman, with reborn hope, will now try to get in touch with her old Austrian or other treasure, and learn whether she has survived the troubles, and whether perhaps mutual benefit might still come from another engagement. It is a faint hope, of course. But it is something to know that the Government at long last has come to realise that "the professor in the kitchen," "the scientist in the scullery," and so forth, are modern institutions which do not make for increased production and for national effort.

THE OLD STAGER

THE COMMANDERS FORGATHER

War Leaders Converge on London for Victory Day

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AT NORTHOLT : The Supreme Commander, South-East Asia, inspecting a Guard of Honour following his arrival in England for the Victory celebrations. When the war came to an end in the Pacific, Lord Louis was about to launch an invasion of 250,000 men with full air support against the 130,000 Japanese in Malaya and Singapore. Before inaugurating South-East Asia Command he was Chief of Combined Operations, and at the start of the war he distinguished himself repeatedly in destroyers. Of recent months his name has been put forward as the next Governor-General of Australia

LORD TEDDER AT THE CAMP IN KENSINGTON GARDENS : The Marshal of the Royal Air Force talking to a member of the R.A.F. Regiment who took part in last Saturday's march-past. As Deputy Supreme Commander, Lord Tedder worked with General Eisenhower preparing the plans for the D-Day combined operation. He was recently honoured with the Freedom of the City of London and, at the same time presented with a sword of honour in recognition of his achievement

A THRUSTER OF THE WESTERN DESERT : General Sir Richard O'Connor, who has just been appointed Adjutant-General to the Forces, arriving in London from India, where he has held the Northern Command. During the early days of the war General O'Connor was captured in the North African campaign after successfully commanding the Western Desert Force, but he later made his escape from Italy and was in time to take a prominent part in the fighting in North-West Europe, serving as a Corps Commander in 1944

THE MAN WHO BUILT THE LINE AT ALAMEIN : Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief in India, salutes on descending from the air-liner which brought him to England for the celebrations. He will always be remembered for his handling of the retreat into Egypt and for the creation of the narrow line from which Field-Marshal Montgomery later flung back Rommel and the Afrika Korps. On leaving the desert, Sir Claude was posted to India, rendering magnificent service in recruiting and training men for the Burma force

EVENTS THAT WILL LIVE IN HISTORY

A Few of the Great Moments Which Britain Has Been Celebrating During Victory Week

—Pictures Taken from the Wartime Issues of The Sphere

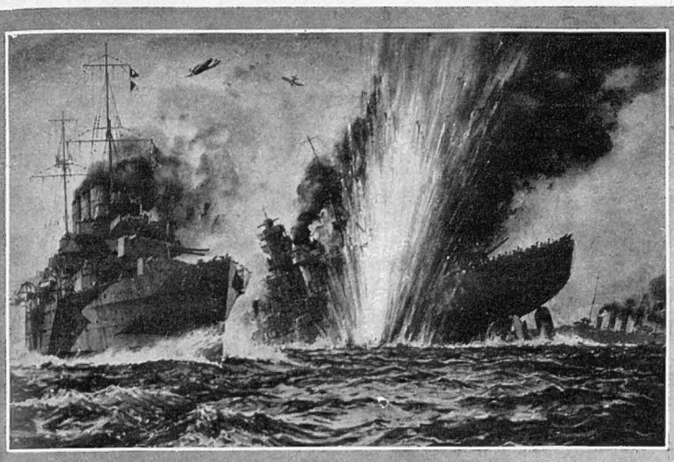
THE GREAT DELIVERANCE—THE MEN OF DUNKIRK WADE TO SAFETY : Almost up to their necks in the sea they struggle out to one of the waiting boats, leaving behind them the bombed town, with great fires burning in every quarter. Their escape was a miracle of organisation, and, all told, 335,000 British and French troops emerged from the inferno, leaving behind about 50,000 killed, wounded and prisoners of war. The last troops were withdrawn from the beaches on the night of June 3-4, and, meanwhile, the German armies pushed on deep into the heart of France and the fortunes of Britain and France reached their lowest ebb

THE TRAFALGAR OF THE SKIES—GERMANY STORMS THE LAST FORTRESS OF WESTERN EUROPE : The remains of a wrecked German bomber, one of hosts destroyed during the late summer days of 1940, when the Luftwaffe sought to obtain mastery of the Channel. In September the battle rose to a crescendo, and on the fifteenth of the month at least 185 enemy machines were brought down, representing 50 per cent. of the forces employed. After this débâcle the Luftwaffe never again dominated the skies above Britain in daylight

THE TIDE BEGINS TO TURN—THE SCOTS GUARDS GO INTO ACTION AT EL ALAMEIN : Following up the tanks in the historic battle of the Western Desert, which not only saved Egypt and the Suez Canal but resulted in the great advance of the Eighth Army. This action, fought in the autumn of 1942, was fraught with the deepest significance, and the bells rang out in English churches to celebrate the first of a long series of victories. These same men who beat Rommel in the Desert were later to form the backbone of our invasion of Normandy

PEARL HARBOUR—THE NAVAL DISASTER THAT BROUGHT BRITAIN A MIGHTY ALLY : The United States battleships *West Virginia*, *Tennessee* and *Arizona* belching smoke and flame after being crippled by the Japanese carrier-borne attack delivered without a declaration of war and without warning in December 1941. Such was the magnitude of the disaster to America's Pacific Fleet that the facts were largely withheld at the time, but Pearl Harbour brought America into the war, and so fast did she build that within a year her forces were creating havoc among Japanese shipping in the Pacific

THE EPIC OF THE RUSSIAN WAR—THE AMAZING DEFENCE OF THE CITY OF STALINGRAD : In the autumn of 1942 the German armies had reached the banks of the Volga, and in Stalingrad the most desperate fighting was taking place as Russians and Germans fought each other from adjoining buildings, and the once-proud city was reduced to a vast heap of rubble. Stalingrad for the Russians, like Alamein for the British, was the turn of the tide, however, and as autumn turned to winter Paulus and his 300,000 men faced annihilation in the Stalingrad pocket. Hitler ordered them to hold on at all costs



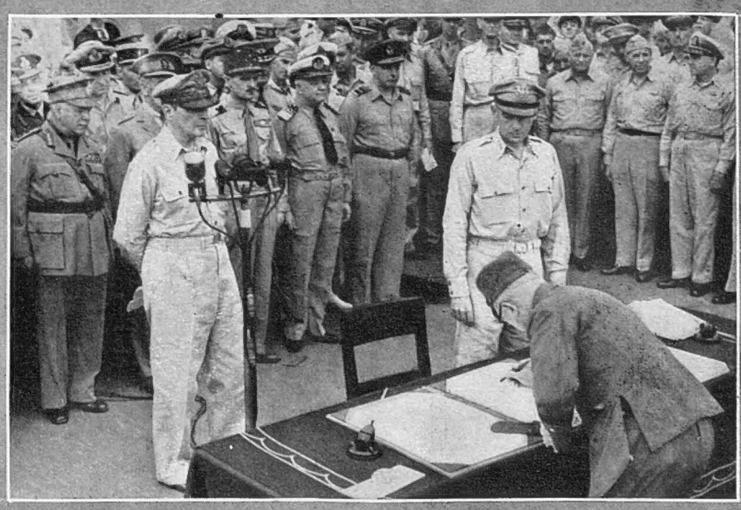
THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP "BISMARCK"—A NAVAL ACTION THAT PUT HEART INTO THE BRITISH NATION WHEN OUR FORTUNES WERE AT A LOW EBB : A SPHERE drawing by William McDowell showing the cruisers *Dorsetshire* (on left) and *Norfolk* (in distance) putting torpedoes into the crippled *Bismarck* on the morning of May 27, 1941, thus bringing to an end a chase of 2,000 miles across the Atlantic. The victory was hailed with delight in Britain, bringing revenge for *Bismarck's* sinking of *Hood*

NOVEMBER 1942—THE ALLIES LAND IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA : United States troops making an unopposed landing on the beach at Surcouf during the early stages of the invasion. The operation won a large measure of success, but the Germans countered by bringing reinforcements into Tunisia, and there ensued the long-drawn-out struggle amid the mountains, which ended the following spring in the complete rout of Rommel and Von Arnim. With the capture of Tunis and of Bizerta nearly 150,000 Germans surrendered

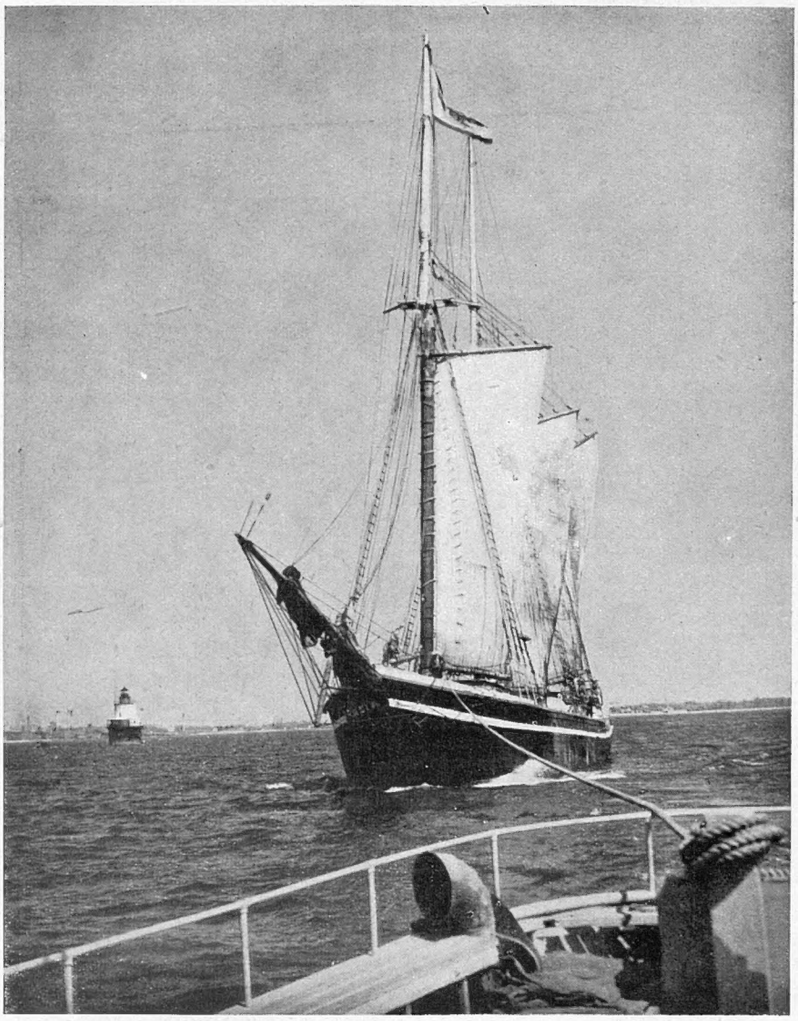
JUNE 6, 1944—ZERO HOUR FOR THE INVASION OF HITLER'S EUROPEAN FORTRESS : Part of the greatest armada the world has ever known assembling for the assault on Normandy, the long-awaited day when the British troops, who had been driven from Dunkirk four years previously, invaded North-West Europe in company with their American allies. Rough weather in the English Channel almost upset the calculations of General Eisenhower and his staff, and in the days that followed the landings there were many anxious periods when conditions for landing reinforcements and stores were almost impossible

SEPTEMBER 1943—ITALY MAKES HER INGLORIOUS DEPARTURE FROM THE WAR : General Smith, the United States Chief of Staff, watched by representatives of Marshal Badoglio as he put his signature to the Armistice document. As a result all Italian resistance to the Allies ceased in Italy and the Italian Navy ceased to operate in the Mediterranean; but the German armies in Italy were strengthened by reinforcements from across the Brenner, and there ensued the hard-fought campaign for Rome, preceded by the defence of Cassino

MAY 1945—GERMANY SURRENDERS TO THE ALLIED NATIONS : General Jodl signing the historic document in the war room at Shaef in Rheims, and on his left sits Admiral Freideburg, a fellow-signatory. During May 1945 events crowded one upon another with breathless speed, Himmler and Doenitz both for a brief spell holding the reins of power in tottering Germany. Rumours that an attempt would be made to organise resistance in a southern redoubt were soon put at rest; Hitler committed suicide in the bunker at Berlin. Goering and Ribbentrop were captured; and Himmler poisoned himself



SEPTEMBER 1945—JAPAN BOWS THE KNEE BEFORE ALLIED MIGHT : Watched by General Douglas MacArthur, the Supreme Commander in the Pacific, General Yoshojiro Umezo, Chief of the Japanese Imperial General Staff, signs the unconditional surrender of Japan on board the American battleship *Missouri* in the waters of Tokyo Bay. The sudden close of the Japanese war, which came long before it was anticipated, followed the dropping of the first atomic bombs on the cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, a disaster that brought home to the Japanese nation the uselessness of further resistance



THE CRUISE OF THE "LUCY EVELYN": The three-masted American schooner leaving New Bedford, Massachusetts, en route to the Cape Verde Islands, where she will resume her war-interrupted trade with the islanders. On board she also carries many necessities of life, including new clothes, which are being taken as presents to some of the islanders from relatives in the New Bedford and Fall River districts of the United States. The islanders endured considerable hardship during the war

WHILE BRITAIN CELEBRATED VICTORY

News Pictures of Events in Europe and America

The voyage of the *Lucy Evelyn* from New Bedford is one of special interest, in that it draws attention to the link between New England and the Cape Verde Islands, which was established in the old whaling days when many islanders served as navigators and members of the crew in American ships. Some of these men in course of time settled in the New Bedford and Fall River districts, and it is their descendants who are now sending gifts back to their relatives in the islands, having heard of their plight during the war years. It appears that from 1939 onwards the Cape Verde Islands, which lie 350 miles off the west coast of Africa, were largely cut off from the rest of the world, and no clothing of any sort was imported. As a result, the majority of the people have been going about almost in rags

GENERAL BOR IN NEW YORK: The hero of the Polish Resistance pays a visit to the 69th Regiment Armoury. On his knee is little Cazmira Kostecka, one of the younger members of the Polish-American community which gathered at the Armoury to pay tribute to the General and to hear an account of how he organised the Battle for Warsaw in 1944, mobilising the men and women of the Underground

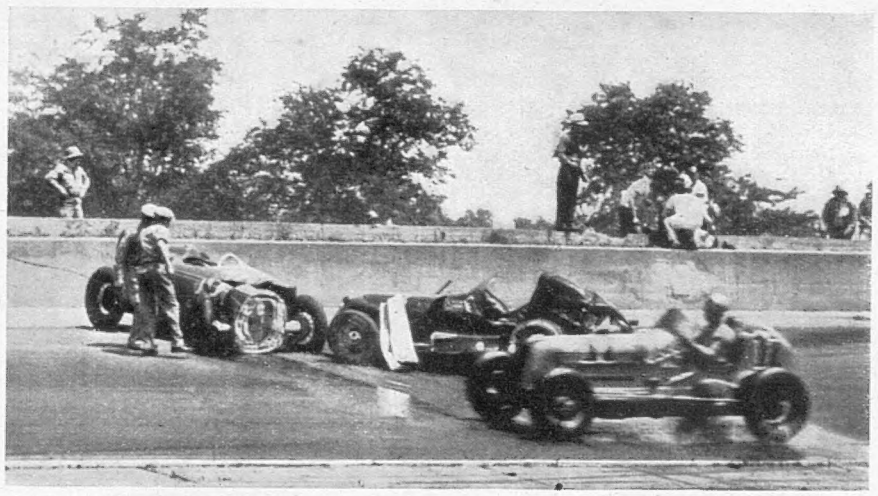
MARSHAL TITO AND HIS SON ZARKE: A new picture of the ruler of Yugoslavia taken during the course of the recent victory celebrations in Belgrade. His son has lost the use of his right arm and he is seldom seen in public. Among other decorations Marshal Tito is wearing the Order of Virtuti Militari—the highest Polish honour—conferred upon him during his visit to Warsaw, when he concluded the Yugoslav-Polish Treaty

HOLDING A WATCHING BRIEF IN BELGRADE—ALLIED OFFICERS AT THE YUGOSLAV VICTORY PARADE AT WHICH MARSHAL TITO REVIEWED THE ARMED FORCES OF THE REPUBLIC: Lieut.-General John C. H. Lee (second from left), of the United States Army; Rear-Admiral Jules James; Major-General Bryant, of the 88th U.S. Infantry Division; Brigadier Terence Airey, of the British Army; and Air Vice-Marshal Elliot are among those in the centre of the group. Major-General Bryant has been in command in the disputed Trieste area where the Italo-Yugoslav position has been causing anxiety since the close of hostilities. During the period of the Victory Celebrations in Belgrade, Marshal Tito entertained largely at his villa on the outskirts of the capital and welcomed many foreign visitors

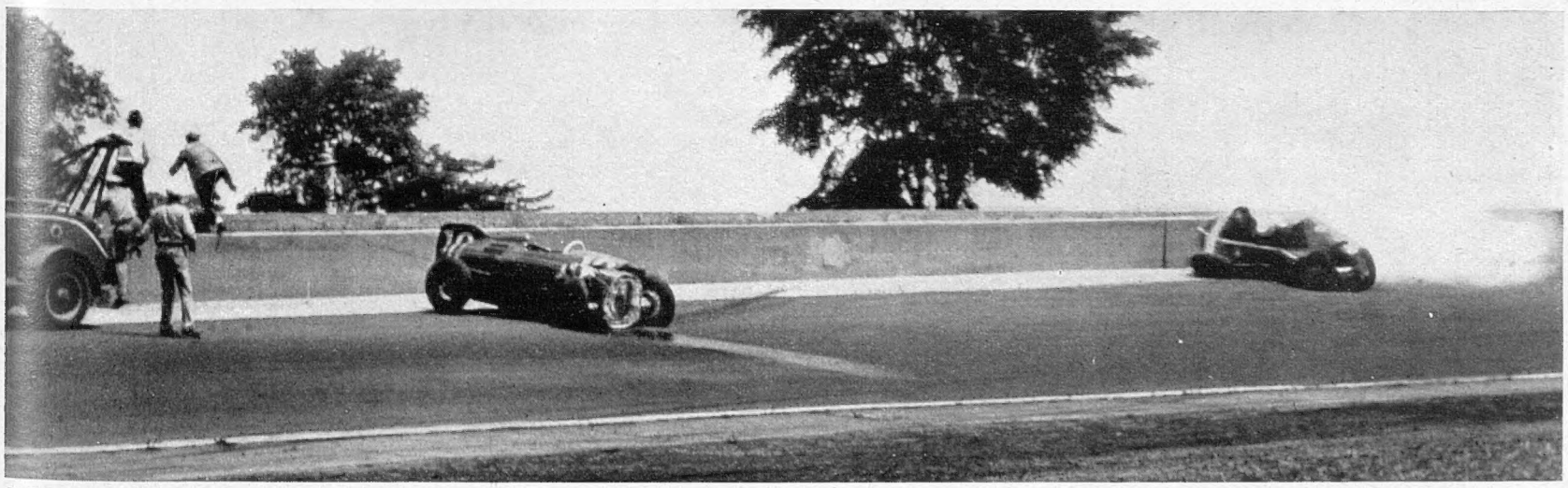
STRICTLY INCOGNITO : A masked member of an Apache Indian tribe engaged in the Devil Dance during the pageant of the Peace Pipe at Haskel Institute, Kansas. The pageant was held in honour of the American Indians who served in the armed forces during the war, and it was watched by 10,000 spectators

LIGHTING THE PEACE PIPE : The focal point of the celebrations held at Haskell Institute to commemorate the part played by American Indians in the World War. The pipe is being lighted by Anna Catherine Good, of the Osage Indian tribe, and with her are Norman Spang (centre), of Lone Deer, Montana, and Henry McKinney, of the Potawatomi Kickapoo tribe. Miss Good, whose home is at Fairfax Oklahoma is the "Campus Queen"

THE ARAPAHOE INDIANS GO INTO ACTION : A gaily-dressed group taking part in the picturesque Pageant of the Peace Pipe at Lawrence, Kansas



BILLY DEVORE SPEEDS BY : An entrant in the Indianapolis 500-mile motoring race just avoids two wrecked cars at the north-east bend of the track. A dramatic picture showing the cars of Rose and Russo lying wrecked on the banking, and breakdown men attempting to drag them out of harm's way. Mauri Rose, who was injured when he crashed into the north-east retaining wall, is being attended to by doctors on the embankment wall



AMERICA'S LONG-DISTANCE MOTORING CLASSIC—THRILLS AND SPILLS ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY DURING THE 500-MILE TRACK RACE : As the wrecking crew attempt to remove the damaged car of Paul Russo (left), the car driven by Mauri Rose (right) smashes into the retaining wall at the north-east turn of the Indianapolis speedway. Thirty-three cars entered for this 500-mile race, providing the great concourse of spectators with one long succession of thrills from start to finish. A few seconds after this picture was taken Rose's car came to rest within a few feet of Russo's, thus blocking the banking and imperilling the cars which followed close behind. The winner was George Robson, who drove a Thorne Special, averaging over 114 m.p.h. and completing the course in 4 hours 21 minutes. The race, which has been in abeyance during the war years, has always produced a full share of spectacular incidents

PRELUDE TO VICTORY DAY—MASSED PIPERS OF SCOTTISH AND IRISH REGIMENTS MARCH AND COUNTER-MARCH IN THE MALL: Watched by a few early-morning workers the 180 bandsmen rehearse their part in the celebrations, and they are seen parading down the Mall from Buckingham Palace a few moments before passing the saluting base. On Victory Day they began their march as soon as the King had arrived at the saluting base, and they continued until the head of the Mechanised Column was about to pass through Admiralty Arch

THE PIPERS IN THE MALL

And Flying-boats on the River

A SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT ARRIVES IN THE THAMES—ALIGHTING ON THE RIVER NEAR GREENWICH PIER IN READINESS FOR THE VICTORY CELEBRATIONS: Two of these machines, which were flown from Pembroke Dock for the occasion, were open to the public on Victory Day, Whit Sunday and Whit Monday, being anchored in company with the cruisers H.M.S. "Diadem" and H.M.S. "Bellona." During the war the Sunderlands played a vital part in the work of Coastal Command, flying millions of miles on anti-U-boat patrols and on reconnaissance and convoy escort missions. During the celebrations the Admiralty also arranged for the destroyers "Myngs," "Zambezi," "Zest" and "Zealous" to take station at Woolwich, while a sloop and a corvette came up as far as Deptford, and there were four minesweepers in the Upper Pool. Motor-torpedo-boats were moored at Chelsea, Vauxhall and Charing Cross

THE VICTORY PARADE AT ADMIRALTY ARCH—THE MARCHING COLUMN TURNS FROM WHITEHALL THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE INTO THE MALL, as it nears the end of the four-mile march through the heart of the capital. This dramatic picture shows in the far distance Buckingham Palace and the Mall, half-way down which the King took the salute from the specially-erected grand-stand, where he was accompanied by other members of the Royal Family, members of the Cabinet, and leaders of the Services

Above—THE MARCHING PROCESSION MOVES OFF FROM THE EMBANKMENT: Troops from Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Gambia accompanied by their band as they came down Northumberland Avenue. The first four ranks in the West African contingent consisted entirely of sergeant-majors. Their band was one of the most colourful features of the whole procession

On right—AT THE OTHER END OF THE MALL—THE NAVAL CONTINGENT PASSES BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Watched by vast crowds at the base of the Victoria Memorial, the seamen near the end of their four-mile march, which started at Marble Arch and finally finished up again in Hyde Park. Some of the people near the Palace had waited thirty-six hours to see the two processions pass

WITH THEIR BATTLE HONOURS BORNE BEFORE THEM—SOLDIERS OF THE COLONIAL EMPIRE PASSING DOWN OXFORD STREET AT THE START OF THE VICTORY MARCH : Troops from Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Gambia, who made a colourful contribution to the parade. In front went the Colour party, carrying twelve flags surmounted by laurel wreaths, and behind the marching riflemen came the band. These African troops marched with wonderful precision

On left—**THE A.T.S. GIVE THE VICTORY SIGN : Marching with the precision of veterans, the column divides into a perfect "V" on Constitutional Hill. Nearly all the girls in the procession have seen long service, many of them in France and Germany. Marching in the leading rank on the right are six warrant officers**

Above—**EYES LEFT AND EYES RIGHT AT THE CENOTAPH : West African bandsmen passing on each side of the National War Memorial as they march along thronged Whitehall. Before reaching Trafalgar Square the two files of the marching column once again came together**

THROUGH LONDON WITH THE MARCHING COLUMN—THE PIPERS LEAD THE SCOTTISH REGIMENTS DOWN WHITEHALL AFTER PASSING THE CENOTAPH: A highlight of the military pageant which won the applause of the vast crowds assembled outside the Horse Guards

By the time the head of the marching column had reached Westminster the rain, which until then had been falling lightly, began to come down more heavily, but this did not diminish the ardour of the crowds, and they gave a great welcome to the pipes and drum band which led the Royal Scots, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the Cameronians, the Black Watch, the Highland Light Infantry, and other Scottish units in their progress along Whitehall. Many of these men had fought in the celebrated 51st Highland Division, at Alamein, in Tripolitania, in Sicily, and again in France and Germany. A massed band of 180 pipers, drawn from Scottish and Irish units, also took part in the celebrations, marching and counter-marching in the Mall during the period between the King's arrival at the saluting-base and the approach of the mechanised units

THE PROGRESS OF THE MECHANISED COLUMN—TANKS AND A TRANSPORTER IN THE EUSTON ROAD AT THE START OF THE JOURNEY THROUGH NORTH AND SOUTH LONDON: The long mechanised column began at Baker Street and took a longer route independent of the marching column, going as far east as the Hackney Road, then south to the Elephant and Castle, and finally reaching the Mall via Millbank and Westminster. Owing to the length of the route, the crowds were not so thick for this procession.

Below—THE FLAIL TANKS CROSSING LONDON BRIDGE: A section of the long mechanised column en route from North London to South London, a procession which was watched in comparative comfort, the crowds seldom being more than four deep. The flail tanks, it will be remembered, played a brilliant part in the North African campaign and later in North-West Europe, going ahead of ordinary tank formations in order to clear a way through the minefields. Behind the flails are two bridge-equipped tanks used for negotiating obstacles

THE MECHANISED COLUMN REACHES WESTMINSTER—THE "DUKWS" AND OTHER AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT PASSING IN FRONT OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: A view of the great crowd which gathered in Parliament Square to welcome the column on the final stages of the journey to the saluting-base in the Mall. In the centre of the square was an elaborate tower with the S.H.A.E.F insignia (a flaming sword) as the principal motif of the design. It was at this point on the processional route that the mechanised column and the marching column converged, so that the crowds in Whitehall, Trafalgar Square and the Mall had the opportunity of seeing the entire Victory Parade. Westminster was thronged again in the evening for the River Pageant and firework display

THE ARMY COMMANDERS PASS THE SALUTING-BASE—THE SOLDIERS WHO LED THE NATION TO VICTORY GO IN TRIUMPH DOWN THE MALL: The Fourteenth Army, which won fame in Burma; the Second Army, which fought from Normandy to the Elbe; the Airborne men of Arnhem; and Anti-Aircraft Command, which beat the flying bombs, were all represented. On the right General Pile is seen standing in his vehicle and saluting the King, and immediately behind him is General Slim, one of the outstanding figures in the Burma campaign. In the third vehicle on the right is General Dempsey, of the Second Army

THE BRITISH COMMANDERS SALUTE THE KING—WELCOMING HIS MAJESTY ON ARRIVAL AT THE SALUTING-BASE IN THE MALL: Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Commander in South-East Asia; Field-Marshal Lord Wilson, former Commander in the Mediterranean Theatre; Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, the Governor-General of Canada; Marshal of the Royal Air Force Viscount Portal, Chief of the Air Staff from 1940; Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff during the greater part of the war years; and Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, First Sea Lord since 1943, seen as they greeted the Royal Party before the start of the march-past. Standing just behind Lord Louis are Lady Mountbatten and members of her family. The Earl of Athlone (former Governor-General of Canada) and Princess Alice are behind Lord Portal, while on the right of the second row is Crown Prince Olaf of Norway

The MEN WHO BROUGHT US VICTORY

THERE WAS A BIG CHEER FOR LORD TEDDER: The Marshal of the Royal Air Force, who did so much to secure co-operation between ground and air forces during the war, rode in state in an R.A.F. truck. Throughout the European campaign he acted as General Eisenhower's deputy

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY RIDES BY: The man who chased the Afrika Korps from Alamein to Tripoli and led the British effort on the beaches of Normandy, seen in his open car. Lord Montgomery wore his famous black beret with the double badge, and stuck firmly to battle-dress, in which he invariably appears, whatever the occasion

STATESMEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH WATCH THE VICTORY PARADE: Mr. Attlee, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom; Mr. Winston Churchill; Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada; and Field-Marshal Smuts, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, saw the procession from a place of honour below the saluting-base

HE MAN WHO INSPIRED THE VICTORY: A close-up of Mr. Winston Churchill during the parade. His great row of medals, some of them won during the First World War when he saw active service, aroused widespread comment among the spectators

AMERICAN SERVICE CHIEFS IN THE PROCESSION: Brigadier General Hartt, Admiral Hewitt, the United States Naval Commander in European waters, and General McNarney represented the United States in the parade. General Eisenhower was unable to be present owing to the pressing nature of his duties as United States Chief of Staff

OME FROM INDIA FOR THE VICTORY PARADE: Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, the latest of our Commanders to be raised to the rank of Field-Marshal, riding near the head of the mechanised column. Since 1943, when he established and held the line at Alamein, Sir Claude has been the Commander-in-Chief in India

THE HERO OF BIR HAKIM: General Koenig, who wore on his breast the Cross of Lorraine, was another outstanding figure in the parade whom many were quick to recognise. It was he who put up the brilliant defence in the Western Desert in May 1942, a defence that inspired the Free French to greater efforts on behalf of the Allied cause

THE FOCAL POINT OF THE VICTORY PARADE: The King standing at the saluting-base surrounded by members of his family, his Service chiefs, and his Ministers. Just behind their Majesties sat Queen Mary and the Princesses, while on the right of the dais were Mr. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Mackenzie King and Field Marshal Smuts. The King was almost constantly at the salute for a period of 1 hour and 48 minutes

THE KING TAKES THE SALUTE

As men and women in thousands marched past the King at the saluting-base in the Mall, the Victory celebrations reached a most moving climax and one that will never be forgotten by all who took part in them. For one and three-quarter hours the King took the salute, acknowledging the soldiers of the desert, the men who fought at Alamein and Mareth, the victors of Caen, the parachutists of Arnhem, the heroes of the Navy and the Air Force, and the civilians who endured the trials and the terrors of the air war. It was a truly superb spectacle, which rain somehow could not mar, and the crowds that gathered near the saluting-base were thrilled to see Mr. Winston Churchill, the great inspirer of the victory, in his due place of honour among the statesmen of the Commonwealth. During the time of waiting Mr. Churchill moved freely around the grand-stand, shaking hands with his old colleagues and renewing many an acquaintanceship. The crowd gave a big cheer when he singled out his old political opponent, Mr. Herbert Morrison, for friendly conversation. Previously Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee had driven together along the processional route.

On right—THE QUEEN AND THE QUEEN-MOTHER TOGETHER ON THE DAIS: A charmingly informal picture of their Majesties while waiting for the start of the march-past. Queen Elizabeth looked particularly charming in a mauve costume and hat, and she carried a mauve handbag. Seated in the background can be seen Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Lord President of the Council

MORE NOTABILITIES IN THE ROYAL STAND: Standing in the foreground are Mr. Mackenzie King and Field-Marshal Smuts, the Prime Ministers of Canada and South Africa, and immediately behind them is the Duchess of Kent, in W.R.N.S. uniform, and her daughter, Princess Alexandra. Next to the Princess are young King Feisal of Iraq, the Regent of Iraq and Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. In the third row are Lord Woolton (second from left), Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton and Mr. Jordan, N.Z. High Commissioner

THE PRINCESSES BOTH WORE PALE BLUE: Princess Margaret and Princess Elizabeth sat just behind the King and Queen during the parade, Princess Elizabeth looking most sophisticated in an ostrich-feather hat with veiling to match her costume. During the evening they made frequent appearances on the Palace balcony, and also made the river journey from Cadogan Pier to Westminster

THE GREAT THAMES PAGEANT—CASCADES OF FIREWORKS AND COLOURED JETS OF WATER FROM THE BARGES TRANSFORM THE RIVER INTO A FAIRYLAND: A dramatic moment in the Victory Night display in front of the Houses of Parliament. The River Pageant took place immediately following the arrival of the Royal Family, who came down by boat from Cadogan Pier, Chelsea. The vast crowds which had gathered in Central London in the morning, and were dispersed by the downpour in the afternoon, returned during the evening, and by the time the fireworks began, the Embankments and bridges were packed solidly with spectators. After the jet display there was a sustained salvo of rockets, and it seemed that both the Thames and the sky were aflame. Later, bombers flew overhead and were coned in the web of searchlights, being directed "on target" by radar equipment just as they were in the days of war

A BRILLIANT PYROTECHNICAL DISPLAY SPRINGS FROM HUNGERFORD BRIDGE: One of the most spectacular moments in the River Pageant as a vast quantity of fireworks was fired simultaneously only a few hundred yards from where the crowds were standing on Westminster Bridge. Another outstanding moment came when fifty magnesium shells were released, producing 150,000,000 candle-power, while the largest firework ever discharged—measuring 25 ins. in diameter—filled the sky with golden rain for twenty or thirty seconds. Interspersed with rocket displays were the demonstrations at water level from barges moored on the river

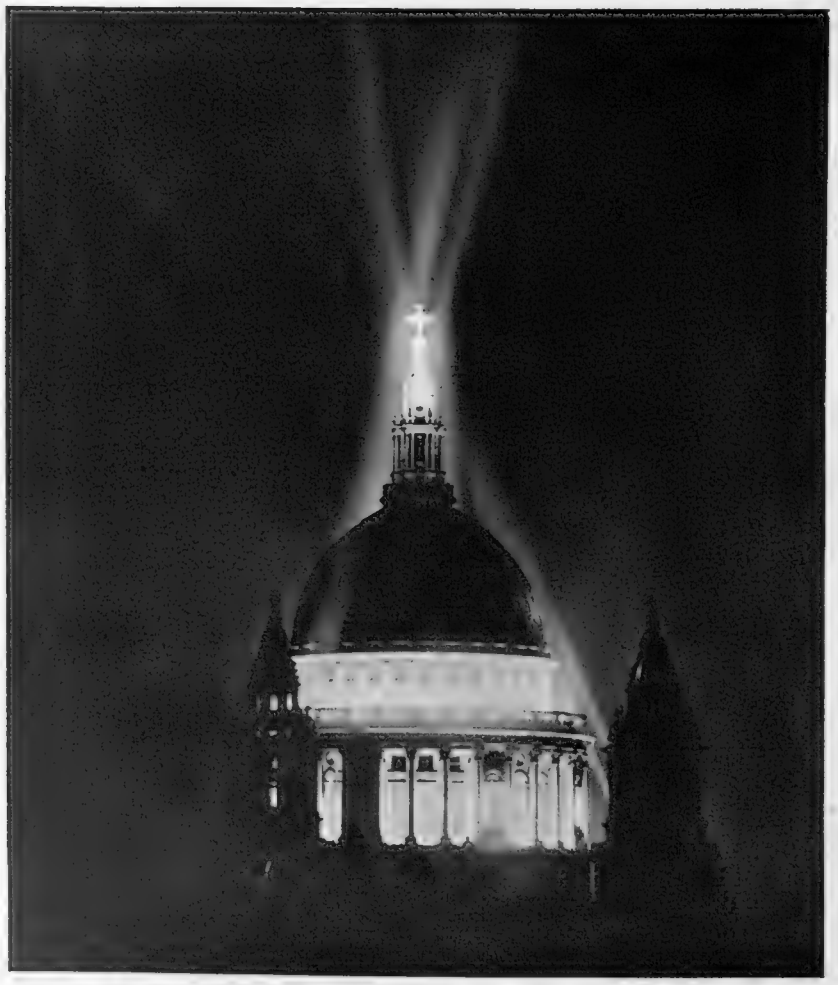
"EARTH HAS NOT ANYTHING TO SHOW MORE FAIR!" A glimpse of the immense crowd which gathered on Westminster Bridge last Saturday night in order to witness the firework display and the River Pageant

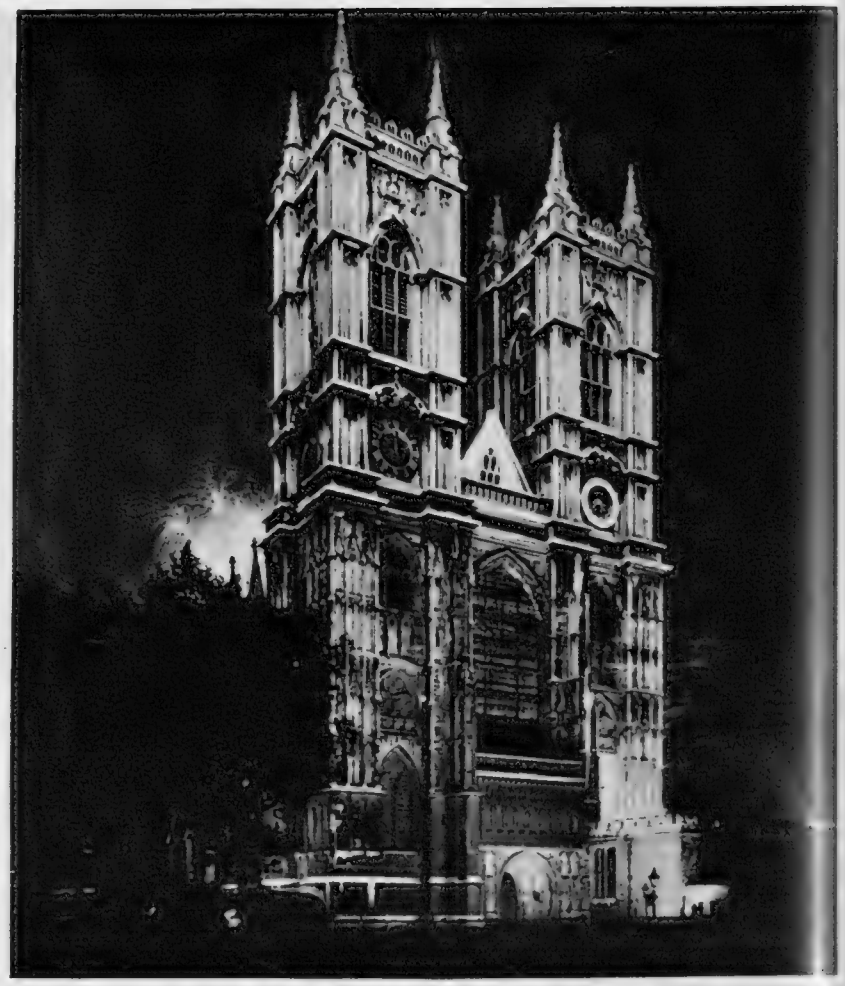
LOOKING FROM FLEET STREET TOWARDS THE RIVER: Rockets rising skyward during the spectacular display which was seen by Londoners in many areas who gathered in the streets and on their roof-tops

OSTRICH PLUMES OF LIGHT ADORN THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE WESTMINSTER: A brilliant firework display that aroused the admiration of the tens of thousands of Londoners who came out to enjoy the entertainment

MORE PLUMES OF LIGHT THAT LENT GLORY TO THE NIGHT SKY: A great cascade of fireworks rivalling anything that has ever before been seen in London. While the display was in progress the crowds on the bridges and the Embankments were regaled through loud-speakers with Handel's celebrated water music. The King and Queen and Princesses witnessed the show from the Victoria Tower

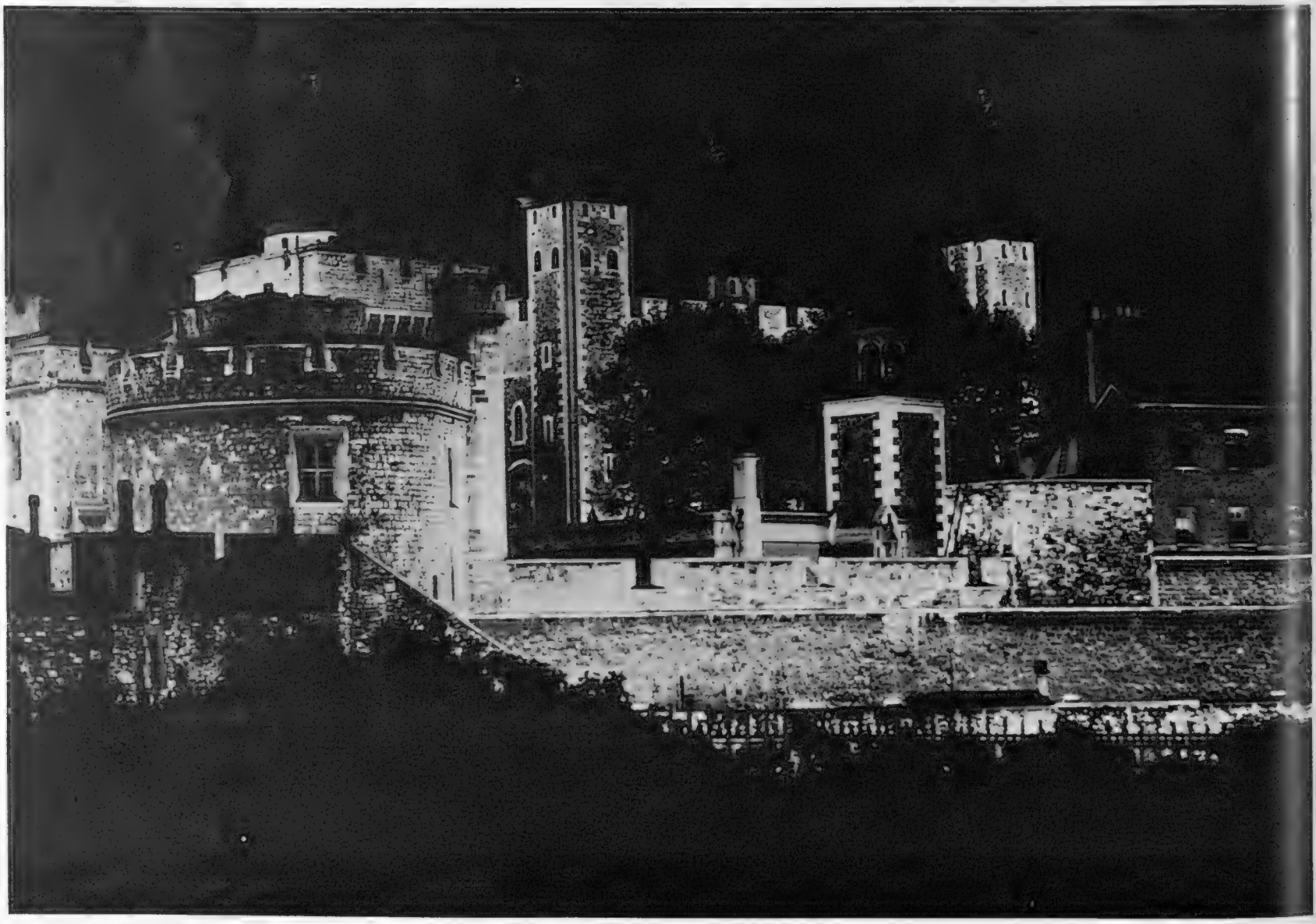
THE GLORIOUS CLIMAX TO THE VICTORY DAY: The vessels moored in the Thames providing the public with dramatic and colourful entertainment. For the occasion the whole river was barred to navigation



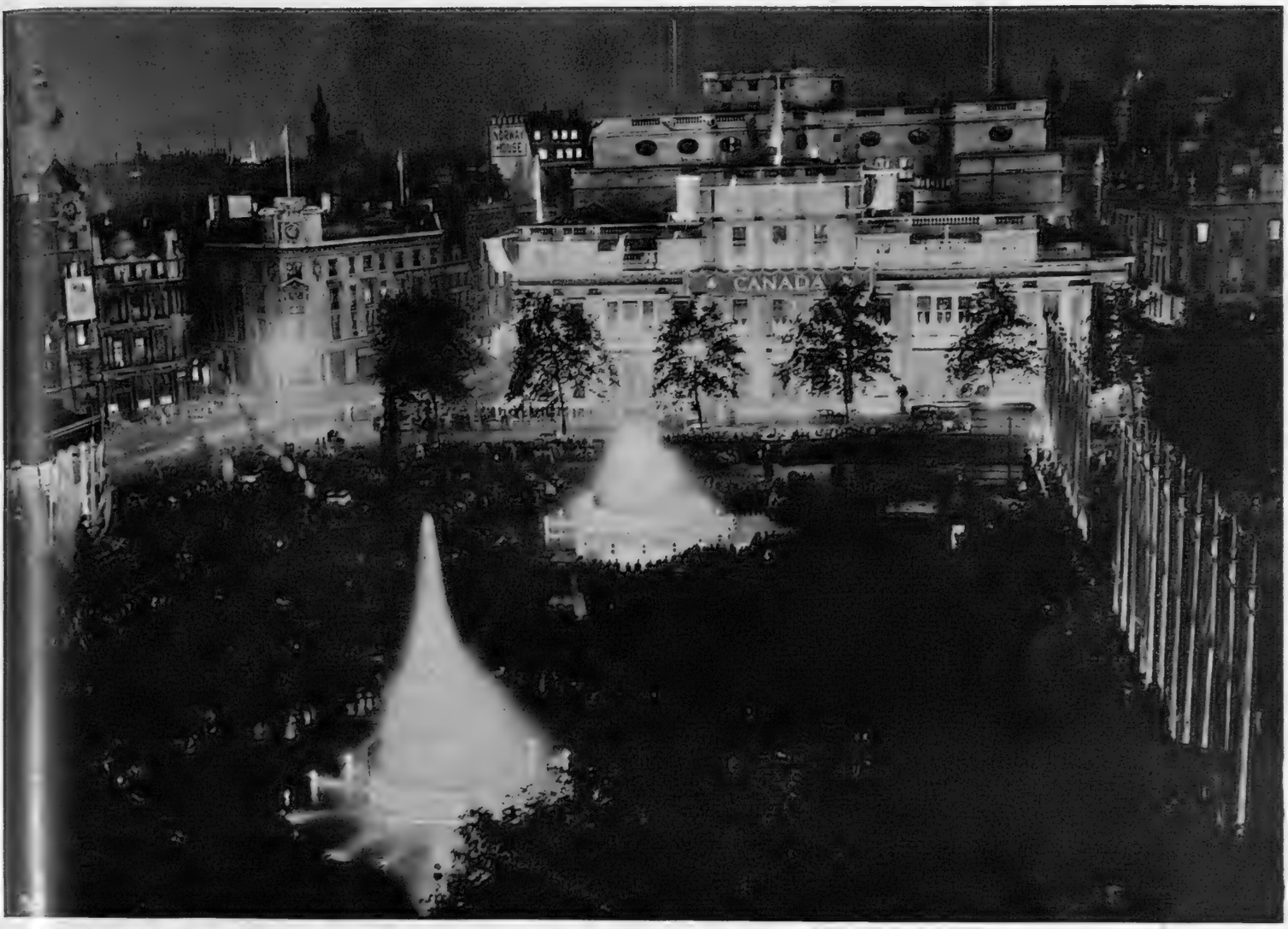


THE FLOODLIT CAPITAL—ST. PAUL'S AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS THEY APPEARED LAST SATURDAY NIGHT WHEN THE VICTORY CELEBRATIONS REACHED THEIR CLIMAX : The cross of St. Paul's was illuminated by searchlights, while behind the west towers of the Abbey can be seen the fireworks soaring upward from the area of the River Pageant in front of the Houses of Parliament

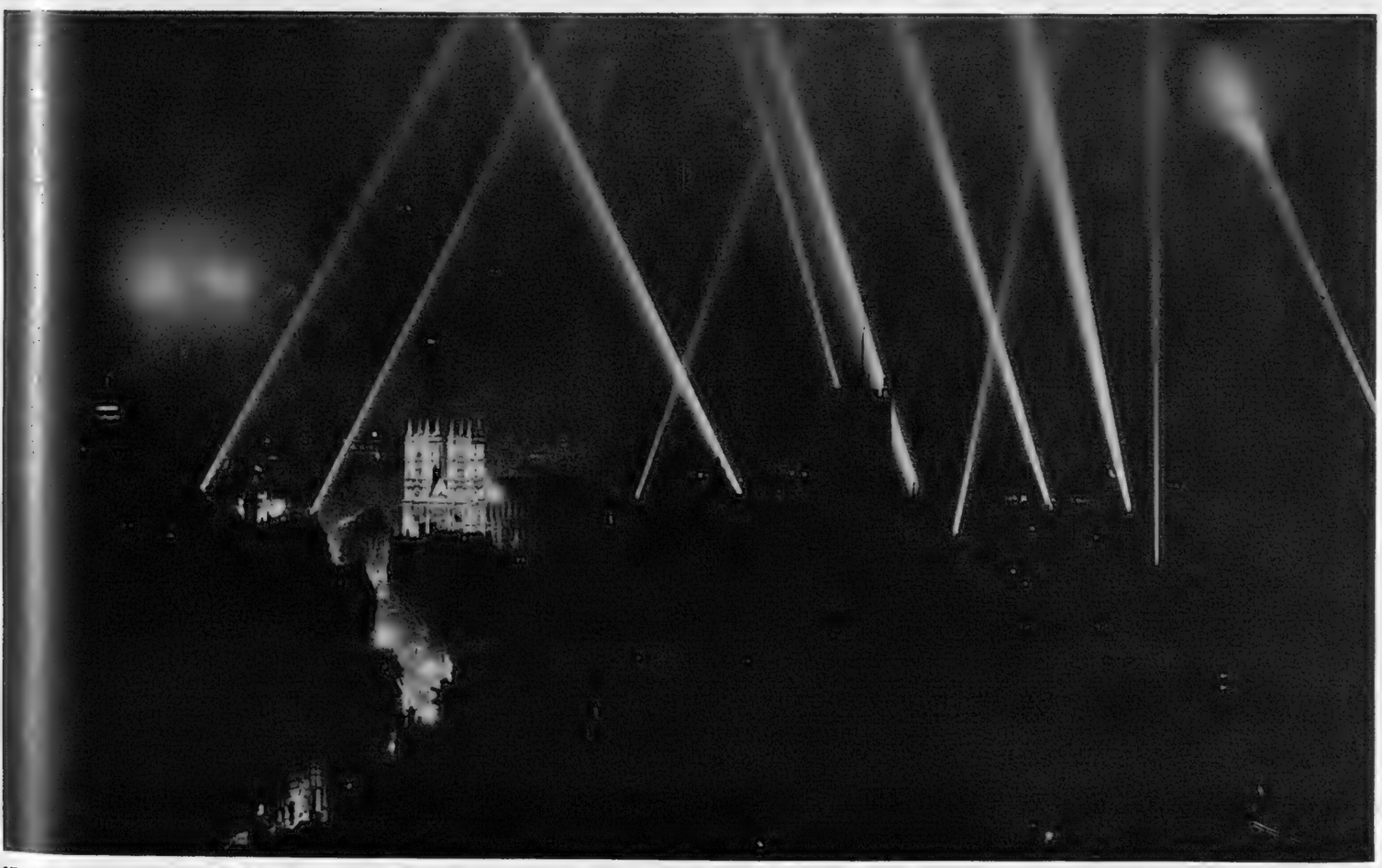
When darkness fell last Saturday night and the rain, which had poured down during the afternoon, had subsided, London again came to life and great crowds surged into the heart of the capital to witness the River Pageant and to tour the floodlit buildings. The floodlit dome of St. Paul's, with its cross picked out by searchlights, and the towers of Westminster Abbey, could be seen from a great distance, providing a wonderful spectacle for those who crowded the rooftops even as far away as the heights of Hampstead. The most romantic effects were produced by the illuminations in St. James's Park. On the lake were moored a number of gondolas, and from these there shone out streams of many-coloured light



MIDNIGHT AT THE TOWER OF LONDON—THE ANCIENT WALLS OF THE FORTRESS ILLUMINATED ON VICTORY NIGHT : One of the many public buildings in the City and the West End which have been floodlit during the week. Apart from the principal public places and the main arteries of traffic, London did not bedeck itself at all lavishly for the occasion, but the illumination of the buildings, each picturesquely visible a great way off, made up at night for any deficiencies by day. Farther up the river at Hampton Court Palace there was also a floodlighting display, great crowds lining the river to admire the scene



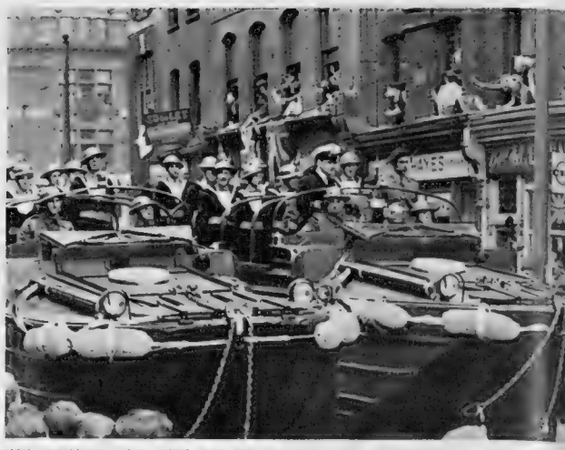
TRAFALGAR SQUARE GOES GAY—THE FOUNTAINS FLING OUT JETS OF COLOURED FIRE AT THE BASE OF THE NELSON MONUMENT : A brilliant scene in the heart of the capital during the illuminations on Victory Night when great crowds sang and danced in the open air and watched the fireworks mounting skyward from the river at Westminster. In the background of the picture is the floodlit exterior of Canada House, and away in the far distance on the left can just be discerned the illuminated chimneys of the Battersea Power Station. The National Gallery, on the north side of Trafalgar Square, was also floodlit



SEARCHLIGHTS OVER CENTRAL LONDON—THEIR BEAMS PIERCING THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE WESTMINSTER AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT : A dramatic night scene showing the illuminated towers of Westminster Abbey and, away in the far distance on the left, the cross of St. Paul's, standing out above the darkened dome. The searchlights were most effective, particularly when two of them combined to form a Victory "V," which for several minutes on end formed the sole illumination over London. As the King and Queen arrived by river from Cadogan Pier, Chelsea, the searchlights dipped together in a Royal Salute

THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCHES THE FLY-PAST—THE KING AND QUEEN, QUEEN MARY AND THE PRINCESSES AT THE SALUTING-BASE AS R.A.F. MACHINES FLEW IN FORMATION ABOVE THE MALL: The fly-past, which came at the end of the Victory Parade after the Mechanised Column and the Marching Column had passed up the Mall, was organised with efficiency, but rapidly-deteriorating weather conditions imposed a severe strain on the crews of the aircraft flying in formation, and it was only by superb handling of their machines that they managed to adhere to the strict timing programme and to maintain the prearranged order. The first plane to fly past was a single Hurricane flown by a pilot who had taken part in the Battle of Britain

THE ROYAL FAMILY TRAVERSE THE TRIUMPHAL ROUTE: The King and Queen with the Princesses in the open coach emerging from Hyde Park at the Marble Arch gateway as they drove from Buckingham Palace and along the entire route which was to be taken subsequently by the Marching Column. The open carriage was preceded by two outriders and drawn by four greys



THE DUKWS OF THE ROYAL NAVY PASS THROUGH THE CITY: In the vehicle on the right is riding Lieut.-Commander Peter Scott, son of the famous Arctic explorer, who gave a running commentary during the progress of the Mechanised Column. The Dukws were driven with great precision, and Lieut.-Commander Scott commented on the way in which the drivers always changed gear together

THE INEVITABLE DOG TAKES HIS PLACE IN THE VICTORY PARADE: As he paraded behind one of the Allied contingents the crowd gave him a big cheer, and at one moment he actually got right in front of the marching troops

THE POLICE BAND ON ITS WAY DOWN OXFORD STREET: One of the numerous bands which played the Marching Column on its way from Marble Arch to the saluting-base

THE EVENING JOURNEY BY RIVER: The King helps the Queen ashore as they arrive in the Royal Barge at the terrace of the Houses of Parliament after coming down from the embarkation-point at Cadogan Pier, Chelsea

ONE OF THE FIRST BIG MOMENTS OF THE DAY—THE MASSED PIPERS OF SCOTTISH AND IRISH REGIMENTS MARCHING PAST THE SALUTING-BASE: The men, many of whom wore the badge of the 51st Highland Division, marched and counter-marched down the Mall during the half-hour following the arrival of the Royal Family at the saluting-base and preceding the arrival of the Mechanised Column. It was a wonderfully spectacular display, and it will be seen that in order to watch the pipers more closely, the King descended from the dais. He is standing on the left talking with Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, the newly appointed Governor-General of Canada. Mr. Churchill is on the right of the dais in company with Mr. Attlee, Mr. Mackenzie King and Field-Marshal Smuts

THE MARCH OF THE NURSING SERVICES—A SPECTACLE THAT WON THE APPLAUSE OF THE CROWDS AS THEY TRAVERSED THE FOUR-MILE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE MARCHING COLUMN: Nearly all the nurses had seen oversea service, and many of them had taken part in more than one campaign, in Africa, Italy and North-West Europe. After the nurses came a long civilian contingent including the representatives of the railways, tramways, omnibuses and road haulage

THE LANCASTERS FLY OVER CENTRAL LONDON—MACHINES OF NO. 35 SQUADRON ABOVE THE CITY AS THEY HEADED FROM FAIRLOP AERODROME TO THE SALUTING-BASE IN THE MALL: A prelude to the fly-past which, despite the increasingly poor visibility, was a spectacular feature of the Victory Day celebrations and was rehearsed beforehand with the most exacting efficiency. The Lancasters—machines which played such a vital part in the destruction of German industry—were led by Wing Commander A. J. L. Craig, D.S.O., D.F.C., the R.A.F.'s youngest Wing Commander. The great dissimilarities in the speeds of the various types of aircraft in the procession—they ranged from 150 m.p.h. to the 350-m.p.h. cruising speed of the jets—was a problem but this was solved by so timing the convergence of the units that when the Hurricane was over the saluting-base the Meteors were still 68 miles away

THE KING AND QUEEN GIVE THANKS—THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER ATTENDING MORNING SERVICE ON THE SUNDAY AFTER VICTORY DAY: The King is accompanied by Canon A. C. Don, the new Dean of Westminster. Just emerging from the porch is Queen Mary. In the afternoon the Palace was again besieged by great crowds, and the Mall was thronged from Trafalgar Square to the Victoria Memorial. Many of the people cheered the King and Queen and the Princesses as they left the Palace to spend the rest of the Whitsun holiday at Windsor

SEVEN ANNIVERSARIES — From 1939 to 1945

Looking Back Through the Years of War to Days of Dramatic and Not Always Good News

By CHARLES GRAVES

ONE of the advantages of being a professional diarist is that you can flip back the pages and discover exactly what you did and what were your reactions to world news on any given date. Thus, my chief experience of June 8, 1939, was the pageantry of Trooping the Colour. This happened to be the first occasion when the public saw the new officers' salute whereby officers came to the recover, instead of bringing the sword down as previously. The whole effect was one of scarlet and white and gold, with bayonets glinting in the sunshine, the crash of rifle-butts and the superb music of the massed bands, drums and pipes.

Two of the most interested spectators were General von Reichenau (in mufti) and General Gamelin (in uniform). Little could one guess the destiny in store for them I had met Von Reichenau the evening before at what proved to be the most cynical banquet ever held in London. Officially, it was arranged for the various representatives of the Olympic Games in different countries to meet at the Dorchester. Actually, it was the occasion when future enemies and future Quislings congregated to spy on London Perhaps that is why a practice air-raid Alert was sounded at 4 a.m.

General Walter von Reichenau, already Commander-in-Chief of all the artillery units in Germany was posing as a senior representative of the German Olympic Games Committee. I had a long talk with him on the subject of handling troops in the field and the extent to which an officer has to blind himself to the fact that he may be sending his men to certain death.

That day the King and Queen had just arrived in Washington. The Empire, Leicester Square, was showing *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. The Richmond Horse Show was in full swing and the Military Tattoo was drawing the crowds to Rushmoor Arena, Aldershot.

Mr. Leslie Burgin, as Minister of Supply, was telling the House of Commons about his drastic powers, which were to enable him to take over a works, to appoint a manager, and to run the business in an emergency. Income tax was 5s. in the pound.

* * *

June 8, 1940. Twelve words addressed by General Weygand in his order to the troops showed that the supreme crisis of battle had arrived. They were, 'We have reached the last quarter of the fatal hour. Stand firm." Dunkirk had come and gone. The workers in the factories were working flat out. Plans for the immediate mass instruction of the public in air-raid precautions had been announced the previous evening. The B.B.C. announcers were giving their names and identities on the air to prevent German stooges faking false instructions to the public in the event of a successful invasion.

To revert to Dunkirk, I recorded that week a dialogue between two Guards officers still in battle-dress which I overheard at the Boat Club. Here it is

"When did you get back, old boy?"

"Wednesday night. What about you?"

"Tuesday morning, as a matter of fact."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, quite a party."

"We had a party too."

"See many planes?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, they kept it up all the time."

"What happened to Tony?"

"Killed, I 'm afraid."

"How?"

"Oh, everything."

"Glad to be back?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

"I suppose you lost all your kit?"

"Oh, rather. Did you?"

"Yes, and I had another distinction, old boy."

"What was that?"

"We were torpedoed on the way back.'

"Oh, I say . . ."

* * *

On June 8, 1941, British and Free French troops were advancing into Syria along four main routes—towards Beirut, Damascus, across the Trans-Jordan and from Iraq along the River Euphrates. General Wavell, in a proclamation to the soldiers of France and Syria, warned the Vichy French troops that any resistance on their part would be useless. Alexandria had just had a very heavy raid, though nothing to compare with the famous blitz on London a month previously. There were Swiss rumours that Von Ribbentrop was going to visit Japan and the first inkling of Hitler's madness in attacking Russia less than a fortnight later was presaged by cables from Sweden to the effect that five weeks of Russo-German negotiations in Berlin had tripped up. Sir Stafford Cripps was in Stockholm. Great Britain was almost at her lowest ebb, with invasion expected at any moment.

Personally—between Home Guard duties—I was doing my best to write a cheerful newspaper column and told the story of the latest of the gipsy-warned-me sagas. The first was of a man who gave a lift to a gipsy who later told him that Hitler would be dead on June 1, which caused such a furore that people actually started taking out insurance on his life (this was 1938). The second (in 1940) told of the gipsy in a tram who informed a woman sitting next to her that she could not afford her tram fare. The woman found that she had left her purse behind, and said, "If you 're so smart perhaps you 'll tell me when the war will be over."

The gipsy replied, "Six months after your death."

"The latest," I wrote, thinking wishfully, on June 8, 1941, "bears a close resemblance to the previous story. A farmer in Kent had allowed some gipsies to use one of his fields. When he returned he found that they had occupied another and bigger field. When he remonstrated, the gipsy said, 'Of course, we can't use the first field because it 's going to be bombed to-night.' Which it was. 'Well,' the farmer then said, 'if you 're so smart, perhaps you can tell me when the war is going to be over?'

"The gipsy replied, 'Three months after your death.' That was six months ago, and the farmer died this week-end."

Income tax was now 8s. 6d. in the pound.

* * *

On June 8, 1942, the news looked better. The Americans were claiming a major victory against the Japanese off Midway Island, saying that they had caught the Japanese fleet off its guard, sinking fifteen of their warships and damaging another dozen. The odd thing was that neither fleet engaged each other with guns. It was all done by torpedo-carrying aircraft with fighter protection based on the respective aircraft-carriers.

There was, however, complete silence from the Burma Front. Hitler was alleged to have gone to Finland on a secret and mysterious mission, to Field-Marshal Mannerheim. There were rumours that Italy was going to be given a chance of taking over Nice and Corsica in order to retrieve Mussolini's reputation The Libyan news was confused. The Russian Front was still in a state of apparent quiescence. More hostages were being shot for Heidrich's death. Within forty-eight hours Kharkov and Sevastopol were being violently attacked and we were being compelled to evacuate Birachem. The R.A.F. had just started intruding.

* * *

On June 8, 1943, there were faint signs that the war was veering in our favour Thousands of men of the Afrika Korps were arriving as P.O.W.s Pantellaria was being bombarded. Mr. Churchill announced that another 25,000 prisoners were captured in North Africa over and above the figure given, and that though the weather had been too bad for any mass raids on Germany during the previous five days, the Royal Navy had experienced its best five weeks (as far as killing U-boats was concerned) since the outbreak of war. Lord Winster referred to General Franco as the ruler of the most ignorant, poverty-stricken, bankrupt, retrograde nation in the world. London had not experienced an air raid for a long time and rumours were already circulating about Italy's immediate collapse.

* * *

June 8, 1944, was dramatic. "Overlord," the code name for D-Day, had occurred forty-eight hours previously. Bayeux had been taken. One hundred and fourteen German aircraft had been shot down. There was no further news of Caen, but the sea had been choppy and it was clear that many of the troops must have been sea-sick. Although the invasion was less than two days old, it seemed weeks since it had begun.

Inside information led me to record in my diary that we had worked a terrific bluff on the Germans, who had been led to believe that the attack on Normandy was purely a feint, and so had withheld their tactical forces in the first instance. No doubt the Prime Minister had laid the bait for this by announcing two or three weeks previously that the first attempt would be a diversion.

General Alexander was racing up the Italian coast, and within three days General Montgomery was able to say that the Battle of the Normandy Beaches had been won and that our lodgments were 60 miles long and 10 miles deep. The flying bombs, of which we had been warned so much in advance, were not destined to fall on London for another week.

* * *

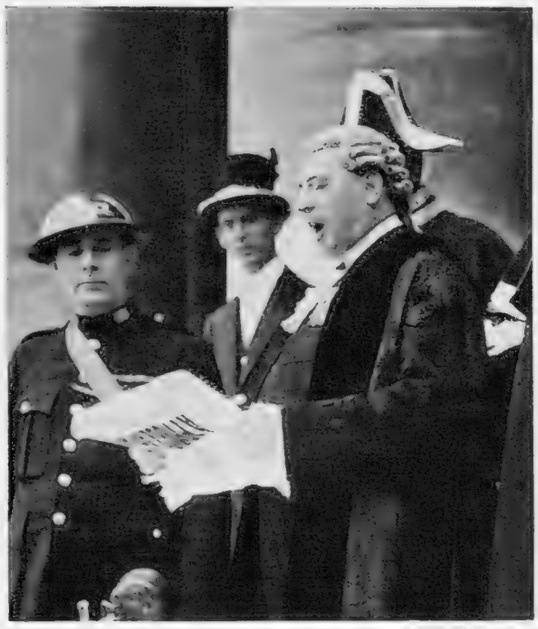
By June 8, 1945, the war in Europe had been over a month. There had been no flying bombs or rockets since the end of March. The blast walls were already being knocked down and the street-lighting was starting up again. The war against Japan was still in full swing, with every prospect of its continuing for another year. The dropping of the two atom bombs was still a month away.

General Eisenhower and Field-Marshal Montgomery had been to Berlin to see General Zhukov, but the party broke up abruptly.

My own diary records that I had been told on pretty good authority that Mr. Churchill would like a neat working majority for the Conservatives and not an overwhelming one, as he might be swamped by both the Right Wing and the Left Wing of his Party if this happened. The General Election was less than a month away, exactly a month after the Rheims Surrender had been signed—the technical description for the cessation of war in Europe.

Nobody could tell that the Socialists were due for so sweeping a victory. Manufacturers of radio sets were prophesying that television sets would soon be available at £30 apiece, and that in three years there would be 3,000,000 "viewers." The basic petrol ration had not been restored. Everybody was very tired though cheerful. Little did the public realise that it was to be subjected to greater austerity than ever during the next twelve months. London, particularly the West End, was still crowded with American troops, but Lease-Lend had not yet been repealed

WAR COMES TO LONDON—Two Scenes in September, 1939



THE NEWS OF WAR AND ITS FIRST REACTIONS: *Left*—Mr. W. J. Boston, the acting Common Crier, reading the war proclamation from the steps of the Royal Exchange. *Right*—French Reservists marching across Westminster Bridge after they had reported for registration at the French Consulate. These two pictures recall the first days of the struggle before the Allied nations truly realised the formidable nature of the task that lay ahead

OTHER HOME NEWS DURING VICTORY WEEK

Shown in Pictures from Various Parts of the Country

A NEW TRANSPORT PLANE FLIES ITS TRIALS—THE ALL-METAL MONOPLANE HERMES-HASTINGS CRUISING ABOVE THE CLOUDS : A luxurious air-liner with pressurised equipment enabling it to carry between thirty-four and fifty passengers in the sub-stratosphere in air-conditioned comfort. A design which will also be used for military transportation

The Hermes, and its almost exact military counterpart the Hastings, will soon be put into production by Handley-Page, and meanwhile the prototype has just returned to the Handley-Page airfield at Radlett after completing highly-successful handling, stability and load trials at Wittering in the fast time of a fortnight. On these trials the Hermes-Hastings achieved results far in excess of expectations, particularly from the viewpoint of economy in operation. It has a maximum speed of 355 m.p.h. at 22,700 ft. and a cruising speed of 300 m.p.h. at the same height, while its cruising ceiling is 28,000 ft. The machine is powered by four Bristol Hercules engines of 1675 h.p. each, but later models are to have jet-propulsion units. The military version, which will be the largest transport built in Britain for the R.A.F., will be equipped, if necessary, to carry motor-lorries and guns.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA—CARRIER-MEN PAY TRIBUTE TO A LOST COMRADE : *On left*—The Captain, his officers and men stand bareheaded during the service, and *(right)* a last volley is fired by the Marines during the funeral of Geoffrey Martin on board the new light aircraft-carrier "Theseus." Martin fell overboard while the ship was engaged in manœuvres, but after an extensive search by the carrier's planes and an escorting destroyer he could not be located, and the search had to be abandoned. On the day following, the "Theseus" returned to the spot where the accident had occurred, and the ship's chaplain conducted a memorial service on the flight-deck, officers and men standing in a hollow square while the prayers were read. Marines then fired a last volley

HOMEWARD-BOUND FROM THE ANTIPODES—THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "IMPLACABLE" ARRIVING AT DEVONPORT WITH HER PAYING-OFF PENNANT STREAMING FROM HER MAINMAST : The 23,000-ton warship coming into harbour at the end of the voyage from Australia. The last stages of the journey were most eventful, as the "Implacable" answered an emergency call from the destroyer "Jervis" to take off a case of appendicitis in the Bay of Biscay. After this errand of mercy the carrier increased speed and was able to reach her home port on schedule, thus preventing disappointment for relatives and friends of the crew who waited at the quayside. Stowed on board the "Implacable" were 17,000 cases of food for Britain, brought from Australia at the request of the Government

THEY ALL WANT TO GO ABROAD : The summer travel rush to the Continent is now in full swing. Would-be holiday-makers in Europe crowding the offices of a well-known travel agency after the announcement that bookings were available during June and July. Applications poured in by letter, telegram and telephone, while the number of callers has risen with each succeeding day. At the moment holiday-makers can take £100 out of the country, but it has to be remembered that prices abroad are extraordinarily high

A STORMY START TO A GREAT ADVENTURE : Members of the crew and passengers of the schooner "Volant" seen on arrival at Bideford after being missing for many hours and losing their sails during the crossing from Belfast on the first stage of their 12,000-mile journey to Australia. Towards the left (wearing hat) is Mr. Edwin A. Cross, the Sydney-born film producer, who bought the *Volant* in Belfast for £2,000 and who is organising the voyage, charging each passenger £125 for the journey. Towards the right (in striped suit) is Lieut.-Commander John Gough, ex-R.N.V.R., who is acting as navigator during the voyage. It was after the *Volant* had been reported missing on this first stage of the journey that Lieut.-Commander Gough flashed a message of reassurance by Aldis lamp to coastguards off Hartland Point

THEY MAY NEVER DO IT AGAIN : The ceremony of Beating the Bounds in the little Devonshire village of Plympton St. Maurice. The Parish Councillors, equipped with their beating-sticks, marching along the parish boundary in accordance with age-old custom. With the extension of Plymouth's city boundary, Plympton St. Maurice will probably be engulfed and the quaint old custom of beating the bounds will cease. Plympton was the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds

THE U.S. WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM ARRIVES : Mrs. Wightman, donor of the cup and non-playing captain of the team, with Patricia Todd, Pauline Betz, Margaret Osborne, Louise Brough and Doris Hart on arrival at London Airport from New York. They will meet the British team at Wimbledon on June 14-15, and it was decided that they should complete their training by entering the Northern Championships

A BRILLIANT DEPUTY TAKES THE STAGE IN A WHEEL-CHAIR AT THE ALBERT HALL : Miss Grace Moore, the well-known American film-star and operatic singer, introducing Miss Marjorie Lawrence to the audience at the concert staged in connection with the National Appeal for Boys' Clubs. Miss Moore was unable to sing on account of a bad cold, but Miss Lawrence deputised brilliantly, showing to the full her wide vocal range and dramatic powers

THE FOUR-IN-HAND IS ON THE ROAD AGAIN : The old stage-coach starting its daily run from the White Swan, Northgate Street, Canterbury. The service has been inaugurated by Mr. R. H. Hydes, and it takes travellers to various seaside resorts in the Canterbury area, proving a popular rival to the local buses. The coach is drawn by four strapping greys, and the coachman wears a grey top-hat in the traditional style. Passengers can also be provided with appropriate head-gear if they wish, and on boisterous days there are heavy rugs for those riding on top of the coach

BRITISH JET FIGHTERS FOR THE SWEDISH AIR FORCE: Last-minute adjustments taking place at Hatfield Airfield before the five Vampires, built by de Havilland's for the Swedish Government, left on their 1,000-mile flight to Scandinavia. The jets were led by Group-Captain Cunningham, the ace night-fighter, who is now the Chief Test Pilot at Hatfield. On the fuselage of each machine are emblazoned the three crowns of the Royal Swedish Air Force

BERMUDA-BOUND: Mr. Anthony Eden walking with Captain Avery, of Winnipeg, on the deck of the "Aquitania." Mr. Eden was en route to Bermuda with the British Parliamentary Delegation which is now conferring with Empire and U.S. leaders

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

JOYCE CARY ELIMINATES THE HUMOUR

A Penetrating New Novel which Lacks His Sometimes Malicious and Sometimes Tender Wit

MR. JOYCE CARY goes from strength to strength, and by the same token, from sorrow to sorrow. His new novel is as excellent in construction and as acute in observation as anything he has written but, for the first time, it lacks the flashes of humour that, whether malicious or tender, have always before lightened his stories. THE MOONLIGHT (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) shows him as a novelist in the front rank of English writers, but it also leaves the reader with a feeling of loss.

The story concerns two old sisters living together in a country house, bound together by the memories they share of an eventful life, but divided profoundly and secretly by jealousies and misunderstandings. Rose, the elder of the two, is an invalid, but from her bed she manages to direct the workings of the household, and the very existences of her sister, Ella, and their niece, Amanda. Rose, in fact, is a domestic despot but, even after she dies, her rule still makes itself felt, although Ella attempts to take the reins of management in her hands, and to plan the destiny of young Amanda, who is, in reality, her own illegitimate daughter.

Mr. Cary has chosen to tell the story through the device of the interweaving of the remembered, Edwardian life, and the present life in the house, until gradually the whole story of the two sisters and their family is revealed. As he does it, it is an effective method, and he has a masterly way of using it, making the transitions without abruptness and recalling the past vividly and imaginatively.

None the less, there is something curiously passionless about this book. This is particularly noticeable in the case of Amanda, "a good-natured girl, who hated to refuse anybody anything," and who finds herself half in love with one man, and idly contemplating having an illegitimate child by another.

FANTASTIC SUMMER (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) is an unusual novel and, in its way, a distinguished one, although I doubt whether it will have an enormously wide appeal. Miss Dorothy Macardle has written the story of an intelligent and cultured Irishwoman who possesses what some people would call the gift, and she chooses to regard as the curse, of foresight, or "second sight." Her visions cause her great distress, for many of them are followed quickly by the actual events she foresees, and these are mainly of a disastrous nature. The whole situation so influences her life that she comes near to wrecking her own daughter's happiness, through trying to prevent the materialisation of events she has foreseen.

There is real excitement and, because of the careful and balanced writing, nothing that is too sinister or too melodramatic to accept as at least a possibility. Each of the characters seems credible, even attractive, and the setting, in the hills near Dublin, is free from conventionally Irish whimsy.

Mr. Pat Murphy has, in THE WIND PROTECT YOU (Collins. 7s. 6d.), written a book about rabbits. It is all about a domestic rabbit called Lynx, who escaped from his hutch and legged it for the woods, only to discover that nature is red in tooth and claw. Fortunately for him he meets a greybeard of a rabbit called Albert, a veritable Socrates among the conies, and with a well-developed sense of self-preservation.

I understand that there is a large public for this kind of whimsy, and Mr. Murphy is entitled to exploit it if he wants to. Nevertheless, one feels entitled to remind him of the current world-famine in foodstuffs and of the incontrovertible fact that the two greatest enemies of the farming industry are those pestiferous vermin the rat and the rabbit, and that, in this country, the Ministry of Agriculture annually spends large sums trying to eradicate them both.

There's a new Hornblower this week, and that, to the *cognoscenti*, means a new novel by Mr. C. S. Forester dealing with the adventures of his inimitable creation, Captain, then Commodore, then Sir Horatio, and now LORD HORNBLOWER (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.). This time Hornblower, now happily married to his Lady Barbara, is sent from England by Lord St. Vincent to quell a mutiny that has broken out in a ship of the line, lying off the hostile French coast near Le Havre.

Arrived at the rendezvous off the coast of France, he sets about dealing with the mutineers in his own way, but since this, after all, is Hornblower and the mutiny of one ship's company too small a matter to engage him for long, he succeeds in occupying the town itself in the name of the Bourbons, defying Napoleon, who is then in his last phase, and ruling the town himself as Governor. All this, naturally, with the blessing of their Lordships of the Admiralty, though they may be said to take a less indulgent view of his subsequent activities, which include reviving an old but still passionate affair with a Frenchwoman, and leading an isolated rising in the Upper Loire district.

It 's all very good fun, exciting as ever and without a thread of banality, but even to my partisan eye this seems less good than any of the preceding books in this series. The brilliant sailor's self-questionings, self-doubts and uncertainties are as well contrasted as ever with his genius for the right decision in action, but from time to time there are the faintest cracks in the veneer of plausibility, and I hope that in his next appearance Lord Hornblower will be a little better served.

In any case, I hope by then for a dukedom for him

AFTER SEVEN-YEARS ABSENCE IN THE UNITED STATES: Miss Betty Nuthall, a favourite of British lawn-tennis fans between the wars and a former champion of the United States, seen on arrival in England after flying from New York. She intends to take part in competitive tennis throughout the present season

THEY HAD A WORD FOR THE GREEKS! Mr. Compton Mackenzie (right), the distinguished novelist, introducing Mr. Hannen Swaffer, of journalistic fame, at a meeting at Beaver Hall, London, on behalf of the League for Democracy in Greece. On the left is Mr. N. Dodd, the Labour M.P. for Dartford. Mr. Mackenzie's interest in Greece dates back to the first World War, when he was military control officer in Athens

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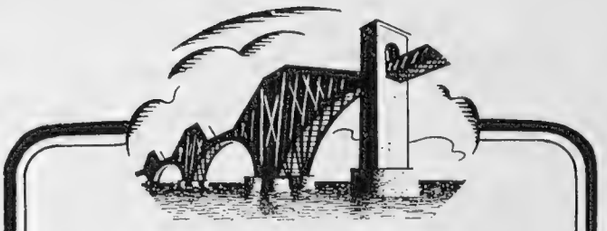

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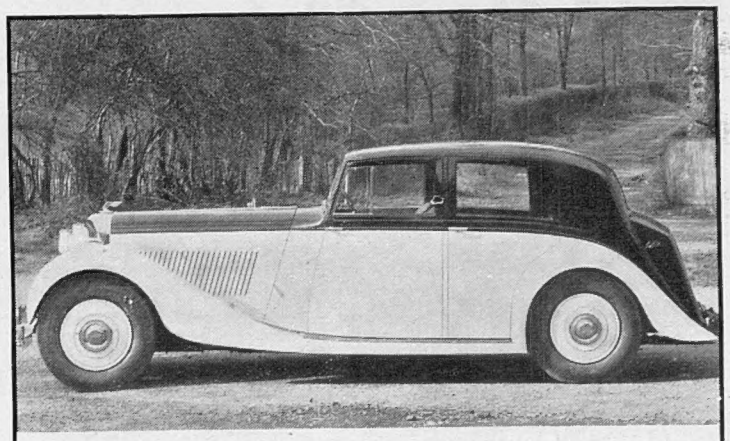

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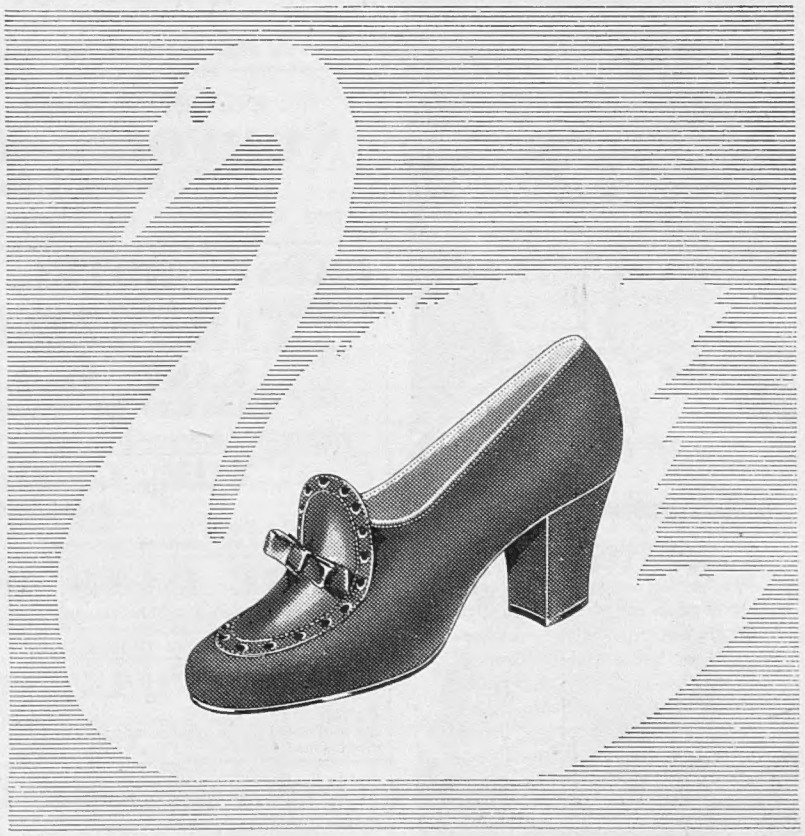

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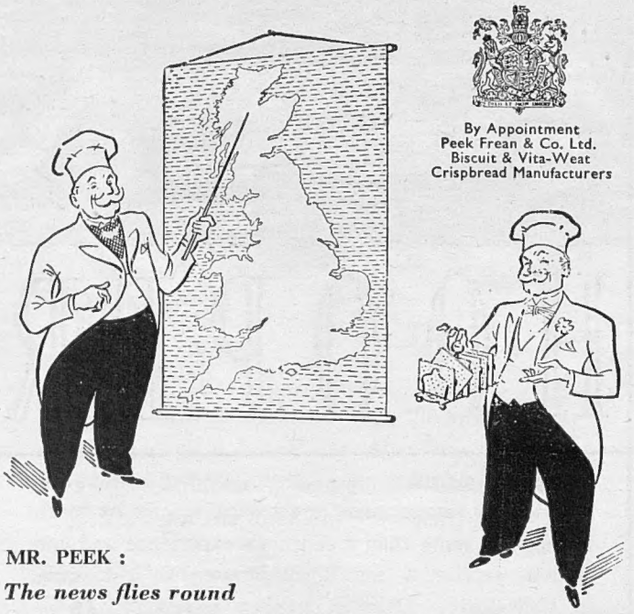

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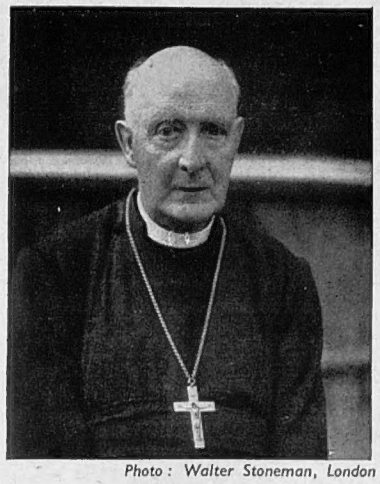

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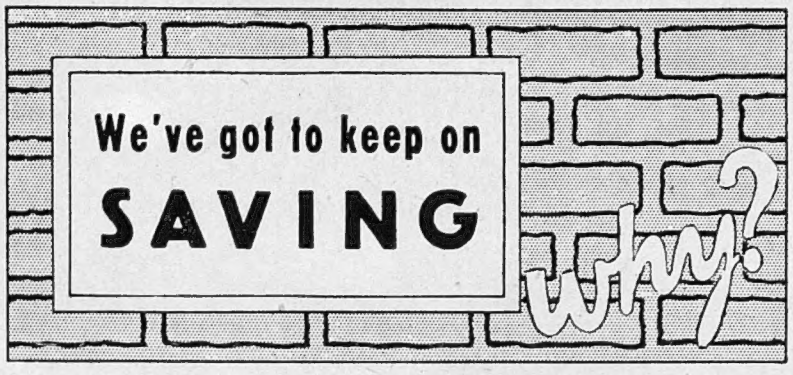

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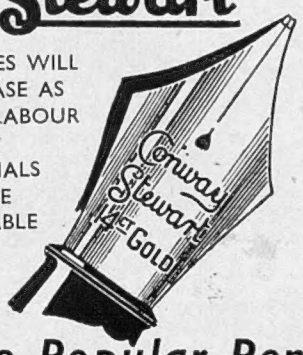

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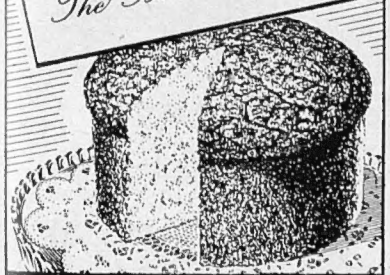

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